

# The Sheridan Road Mystery

By Paul and Mabel Thorne  
ILLUSTRATED BY WILL E. JOHNSTONE

## 12TH INSTALLMENT.

### MARSH TELLS HIS STORY.

MORGAN telephoned to the city and soon the officers and their prisoners were on their way with a carful of evidence to Police Headquarters. Nels, provided with a pistol, was left in charge of the country house.

It was very late when Marsh, Morgan and Tierney knocked at the door of Hunt's house.

Hunt's manservant answered. "Mr. Hunt in?" asked Marsh. "Yes, sir," replied the man. "I think you were here before, sir."

"Yes, Sunday night."

"Walk right in, Mr. Hunt's in the living room."

Hunt had evidently been reading, but had risen at the sound of voices. For on entering the living room they found him standing by the davenport, with his finger between the pages of a book.

"Good evening," said Marsh. There was a look of surprise on Hunt's face, but he quickly mastered it.

"I hardly expected to see you here," he observed, significantly. "And who are your friends?"

"Detective Sergeant Morgan, whom you have met before, and his partner, Detective Sergeant Tierney."

Again that astonished expression passed over Hunt's face. He spoke quite calmly, however.

"May I ask the reason for this late call?"

"It's really a continuation of the visit I made here Sunday night," answered Marsh. "My story has had another and more interesting chapter added to it, and I thought you might like to hear it."

"Naturally, I am interested," returned Hunt, smiling. "Will you gentlemen take chairs?"

"My story really begins two years ago, Mr. Hunt," said Marsh, "but I will pass briefly over the early part of it by merely saying that at that time I took up the trail of a counterfeiter, known as Clark Atwood."

"Why should you, a private detective, take up the trail of a counterfeiter?" inquired Hunt.

"Because," declared Marsh, throwing back his coat and exposing his badge, "I really belong to the Secret Service Division of the United States Treasury Department."

Hunt remained silent and Marsh continued. "Upon the death of his wife in St. Louis a few months ago this man Atwood brought to his daughter to Chicago and placed her in an apartment on Sheridan Road. Posing as a travelling man, Atwood was busy in all places, and made only occasional visits to his daughter."

To maintain a place of safety and refuge in time of trouble, this man Atwood kept his daughter in ignorance of his real occupation."

"I may say at this point that Atwood had made his living by criminal means for many years, and the venture in counterfeiting was simply the latest of his many ways of gaining a livelihood."

"In the course of time it became necessary for Atwood to get a certain man out of the way. The plans were carefully laid and the stage set. His daughter believed him to be traveling on the road, but after he was sure that she had retired for the night, he quietly entered his apartment, went to her bedroom, and by means of a hypodermic needle, charged with morphine, rendered her unconscious while she slept, so that there would be no chance of her awakening and spoiling his plans."

"Then Atwood, and a well known police character, known as 'Baldy' Newman, entered an empty apartment across the hall by means of a duplicate key."

"At twelve o'clock, this man 'Baldy' telephoned the victim at his hotel. Newman represented himself as the man's former chauffeur, and appealed for immediate assistance to get out of some trouble he was in."

"Atwood and his confederate then waited in the dining room of this apartment until the victim rang the bell. Newman admitted him and led him into the dining room. There the two men confronted him with revolvers and on the threat of taking his life, forced him to sign a paper."

"After that the victim made no attempt to escape. He fled to the front of the apartment, closely pursued by the two men. They attempted to make away with him silently, as originally planned, by knocking him to death. The victim brought a hitch into their plans by drawing a revolver and firing one shot before he died."

"Had this not occurred, it is probable that the murderers' plans would not have been discovered until long after they had made a safe getaway."

"As it was, the shot merely hastened their actions at the time. The lights in the apartment were turned out, the dead man was carried across the hall, through Atwood's apartment, and down the rear stairs where he was thrown into a waiting automobile."

"When the police arrived, a few minutes later, the men believed that they had gotten safely away, without leaving a trace. They did leave traces, however, and from that minute the police never left the trail until they closed in on the men to-day."

MARSH took a photograph from his pocket. "Among the traces left in that apartment," he went on, "were the imprints of a man's hands on the dining room table. I have here a photograph of those imprints, and among the many identifying marks there is a scar of a peculiar shape."

Marsh returned the photograph to his pocket.

"I am very glad to learn that you have cleared up the murder of my employer, Mr. Marsh," said Hunt. "What seems curious to me, however, is why you should think this man Atwood would want to kill Mr. Merton. Surely Mr. Merton could never have had

any dealings with a criminal such as you describe Atwood to be."

"On the contrary, Mr. Hunt," returned Marsh, "Merton had extensive business dealings with Atwood. In fact, he went so far as to place Atwood in a position where he could rob Merton of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of stocks and bonds."

"The transfer of these securities had been taking place for a year or more, and it had reached the point where the greater part of Merton's fortune was in Atwood's hands."

"It is evident that Atwood's original intention was to step quietly out of sight with this fortune, but subsequent events led him to believe that

he could go on in quiet security if Merton were out of the way."

"That was the reason Merton was murdered."

Hunt thrust the remains of his cigar into the fireplace and slipped the hand that had held it down into the pillows of the davenport.

"And you think you have at last located this man Atwood do you, Mr. Marsh?"

"Yes," returned Marsh, calmly, "because I have absolute proof that Clark Atwood and Gilbert Hunt are one and the same man!"

INSTANTLY Hunt's hand whipped out from behind the sofa cushions, and the three detectives found themselves covered by an automatic as Hunt stood up.

"Clever work, gentlemen," he said, smiling. "After leading men of your type around by the nose for many years, you can hardly expect me to stay here and calmly accept defeat now."

"Oh, no," answered Marsh. "We fully expected you to put up a good fight. He slipped his hands into his trouser pockets, and crossing his legs, leaned back, smiling up at Hunt. "Go ahead; what's the next move?"

"My next move," cried Hunt sharply, "is to leave you damn fools sitting right here. When I did sit here from my men this afternoon I knew that something was wrong, and my way of escape is ready."

He backed slowly toward the door, keeping the detectives covered with his automatic. When he reached the door of the room, he called, "Everything ready, George?"

"Yes, sir," a voice replied from the distance.

With that Hunt backed out of sight through the doorway and all was silent.

Immediately Morgan and Tierney leaped to their feet and dashed toward the door.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Marsh, still sitting quietly in his chair. "Where are you going?"

The two detectives stopped in astonishment.

"We're going to get him!" shouted Tierney.

"No need of taking all that trouble," returned Marsh. "My men are ready for him. Long ago a Secret Service man even replaced his driver at the wheel of his car."

As if in answer to this statement from Marsh there was a distant fusillade of shots.

"They've got him," said Marsh, rising. "Now we can go."

"If there's no hurry now," said Morgan, "I wish you would tell us the rest of the story."

"What do you mean?" inquired Marsh.

"How did you come to connect these two men, and how did you get that inside dope on the stealing?"

"You know all the incidents," returned Marsh, "and you ought to be able to connect them as I did. The only information I had about which you did not know was that note-book. The book contained memoranda in Hunt's handwriting, which, by the way, closely resembled the writing in Atwood's last letter."

"Among these were the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the men who worked with him, and showing their different locations during the past year or two. He also made notations of the different stocks and bonds which he took out of Merton's

vaults at various times."

"Atwood, you know, took a suitcase at the last moment from his apartment. This suitcase I located a suitcase in the Merton house, containing the counterfeit plates, and the stocks and bonds which I had found noted in Hunt's memorandum book."

Naturally, large part of the story I told to-night was merely surmise on my part, but you can see how near I came to the truth from the way Hunt acted."

"Another interesting point, due to your foresight, Morgan, was that matter of the note. I studied very carefully the photograph you had taken Sunday night when I was calling here."

"I don't understand," she said.

"My work took me to St. Louis," Marsh explained. "There I saw you and fell in love with you. The same work brought me to Chicago, soon after you arrived here, and though you did not know me, probably not even by sight—I was there, watching over you, and worshipping day by day. Perhaps a week is too short a time for you to begin to care, but I had hoped that you would."

"I do care," she half whispered, "but I did not know that you thought so much of me. I have often longed for a real home myself. You know, my own home was never really a happy one. For years my mother was sickly and nervous, and it was I who incurred all the household responsibilities. It has been years since I had the care and companionship that most girls receive from a mother. My father always provided liberally for us, but he was seldom at home."

"Then we will start a real home together," he pleaded.

"Yes," she whispered.

The sun sank out of sight and the twilight folded them in friendly seclusion as Marsh took her in his arms.

THE END.

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## ONCE ABOARD

—THE—

## LUGGER

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON,

Author of "If Winter Comes"

A Story of George and His Mary

BEGINS IN

THE EVENING WORLD

MONDAY, AUGUST 21st

# POTASH & PERLMUTTER

(Abe)

Pertinent Comment On

(Mawruss)

Important Events

## The Partners Conclude

That the Cycle Analysts Have the Softest Thing in the Doctor Line So Far Discovered.

But They Are Not So Sure That They Can Cure the Slow Pay Disease Even When the Patient Is a Rich Customer.

By Montague Glass.

"WELL, Mawruss, it seems that I have been doing Rosie's sister's boy

Jake a big injustice already," Abe Potash said as he and Morris Perlmutter sat in the office the other morning. "For years I used to think that the boy was a low-life, a bum, y'understand, on account he couldn't hold a job and used to run around the streets till all hours of the night, but it comes out that the poor feller nebbich has

got an inferiority complex."

"Adenoids affects 'em that way too," Morris Perlmutter observed, "which I couldn't tell you how many times my wife's half brother Milton tries to pass enough Regents Examinations so as he could study to be anyhow a certified public accountant, and he failed three times in arithmetic before they tumbled to his tonsils. So if I was you, Abe, I would schenck Rosie's nephew a couple hundred dollars he should have it taken out."

"Have what taken out," Abe asked.

"This here now whatever-it-is," Morris continued.

"Why, what do you think an inferiority complex is anyway?" Abe demanded.

"I should know what it is!" Morris replied. "But if it lays anywhere between the vest opening and the top of the pants, Abe, they should also remove the appendix and kill two birds with one stone, y'understand, which that time my wife's Uncle Tazew was in Mount Hebron Hospital for his gals, the family begged him he should have his appendix attended to, and the consequence was, Abe, two years later he had to go back again right at the peak when you couldn't get a first class specialist to so much as look at an appendix for less than a thousand dollars."

"Well, that wouldn't affect my wife's nephew none, because what he's got, Mawruss, ain't in the same class with adenoids, which I could excuse you, Mawruss, that you don't know what an inferiority complex is, because it took my wife's sister all last Tuesday night and part of Wednesday morning early to explain it to me. And when she got through, y'understand, even then I couldn't see why it wouldn't do the boy just so much good to give him once in a while a 'potch' in the face instead of paying three dollars every two days for one office call to a cycle analyzer."

"A what?" Morris exclaimed.

"It was a new one on me, too, Mawruss," Abe continued, "but the way it is nowadays, Mawruss, there is so many names for quack doctors, y'understand, that even the prosecuting lawyer of a County Medical Society don't know as much as 10 per cent. of them, and the very latest, up-to-the-minute way of cutting into the doctor business without having to pass an examination is to call yourself a cycle analyzer."

"And when it comes right down to it, Mawruss, a cycle analyzer has the easiest time of all these here ersatz doctors, because you take them fakers which knead the spine and legs, and they anyhow have got to work as hard as a journeyman baker, Mawruss, but all them cycle analysts does is to sit back in their chairs and when a patient comes in, they don't even so much as bother themselves to look at his tongue."

"Then how did he find out that this here Jake had an inferiority complex?" Morris inquired. "By sounding his chest?"

THE BOY ISN'T DUMB.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Mawruss, I ain't very clear about just what this cycle analyzer did to Jake, but as I understand it, Mawruss, the things which a cycle analyzer cures ain't exactly sickness. In other words, Mawruss, it ain't a case of trying first something for ten cents from a cut-rate drug store and then if that don't fix you going to see a cycle analyzer," Abe said. "What a cycle analyzer treats you for is something which no doctor or medicine could reach like always worrying about nothing or not being able to get along with your wife. Take for instance this here Jake, and there must be some reason why the boy

feel quite rested. MOLLY.

P. S. Please send a check for two fifty-dollar evening gowns and twenty-five for pin money. Percy, the college graduate, who has refused to enter dad's business until the fall, writes the following letter:

Dear Governor:

It's a mighty hot day for a letter, but here goes. Suppose you miss me a lot in the firm, but I'll be there with bells on this fall. When a chap has just passed his college exams, Governor, I'll tell the world he doesn't feel like sitting at a desk in any old sky-scraper office until he's had a good chance to rest. There's a great bunch of fellows around here. They all seem to be about in the same boat as I am—just waiting for the winter to turn in and do a heap of work. Meantime we manage to go for a swim in the morning, play ball on the beach most of the afternoon and dance most of the evening. Molly tries to cut in for all my friends, and I wouldn't mind if you'd write her about this. She's getting to be a terrible flapper with her ukelele and her crazy bobbed hair. She spends her whole day sitting around in the sand plunking out jazz, and it just dawned on me that she'll be playing in the movies next week. Well, by-by, old top; don't work too hard and this winter I'll do my bit all right. Leave that to me. B. B. PERCY.

P. S.—The bunch up here is a swell one and I wish you'd send me a check for seventy-five bucks at once.

Aunt Sally, the family spinster, who is a second mother to the children, writes:

Dear Brother:

Well, your family are certainly enjoying themselves. I suppose you think they are a pretty heavy expense but I guess every married man goes through the same drain. I am glad to tell you that your wife is enjoying herself immensely and says it's so good to eat food that she hasn't cooked herself. The baby is having a great time in her rompers and new bathing suit but we are a little worried about Molly. She's getting to be a regular flapper, stays out until three in the morning, goes to petting parties and spends all her day sitting on the sand drumming out tuneless jazz. You and I were never allowed to do things like this, brother Tom, so I am just warning you that you can expect her to slop with a waltzer, or worse still, one of her own flappers. I must say too that I never would allow a daughter of mine to wear a shocking one-piece bathing suit, but then she's your daughter and it's up to you how things turn out. Don't work too hard, feed the cat its saucer of milk and don't forget to water the ferns. AUNT SALLY.

P. S. I wish you could advance me twenty-five dollars. I will pay you back the first of the month.

Then comes a letter from Florence, the three-year-old baby of the family, who reads like this:

Dear Daddy:

Lots of love from me.

And there is no P. S. to please forward a check or even a penny.

Dad sits back and laughs a real laugh. After all they are having a good time and he is soon to spend two weeks with them. It's a great life if you don't weaken and Dad isn't going to weaken in anything except reducing the check demand to just one-third its size in every case, even to mom's check.

## THE PROCESSES OF CYCLE ANALYSIS

"I COULD excuse you that you don't know what an inferiority complex is because it took my wife's sister all last Tuesday night and part of Wednesday morning early to explain it to me."

"The very latest up-to-the-minute way of cutting into the doctor business without having to pass an examination is to call yourself a cycle analyzer."

"All these cycle analysts does is to sit back in their chairs when a patient comes in. They don't even so much as bother themselves to look at his tongue."

"What a cycle analyzer treats you for is something which no doctor or medicine could reach, like Always Worrying About Nothing or Not Being Able to Get Along With Your Wife."

"If cycle analysts depended for their practice on patients which had the Slow Pay Disease they might just as well take a short course in Spine Pulling."



"BESIDES, ABE, A FELLER WHICH IS SUFFERING FROM THE DISEASE OF SLOWPAY, GETS A WHOLE LOT MORE ARGUMENT OUT OF THE SICKNESS THAN THE CURE."

gets fired from one job after another, ain't it?"

"Maybe the boy is a young loafer and wouldn't get down to the store on time," Morris suggested, "or even he could get fired from a job for smoking during office hours, which when it comes right down to it, Abe, if I had a nephew by marriage, which was all the time getting fired from one job after another, instead of schencking him to a cycle analyzer at three dollars a visit, I would figure out that on account of belonging to my wife's family, y'understand, he was just naturally dumb and let it go at that."

"But this here Jake ain't dumb, Mawruss," Abe explained. "At school he got a prize of a small silver medal for making a bird with a pen out of the Declaration of Independence, so therefore, when he went to this cycle analyzer, all the feller did was to have Jake come there eighty-five times at three dollars a time, and in the twinkling of an eye, y'understand, the boy was cured."

"And that was how Jake got cured from the disease of not being able to hold a job, is it?" Morris commented.

"Well, he ain't had a relapse so far," Abe said. "It is now already six months since he was to the cycle analyzer last, and he's recovered so far that he is now working as an assistant packer in a department store."

"And that's a cure!" Morris exclaimed. "I suppose that if he continues to take the medicine the cycle analyzer gives him, he will get gradually so much better that in another six months he will be working as one of these here human advertisements signs which they call it sandwich men."

"Cycle analysts don't give no medicine, Mawruss," Abe explained. "The way the cure is done is like this: We would say, for example, that you go to a cycle analyzer to cure you of the habit which really amounts to a disease, y'understand, called staying out every day two hours for lunch."

THE DEBATE GETS PERSONAL.

"Is that so?" Morris retorted.

"Well, let me tell you something: the number of times I stay out two hours for lunch ain't a marker on how many times you don't get down here in the morning till pretty nearly 11 o'clock, so, therefore, Abe, we would say, for example, you are the one which goes to see the cycle analyzer for your dis-

ease, not mine, and while you are about it, y'understand, you could also consult the cycle analyzer about a disease which you've got it by the name of one partner going